THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VI | New York, Wednesday, August 10, 1927 | Number 14

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COUNTING THE GUNS

CONTEMPORARY anti-war idealism still creates news. The papers are lavish in references to conferences, diplomatic meetings, Geneva sessions, professions of good-will, and treaties outlawing strife. One cannot deny that, however little resemblance the League of Nations may bear in 1927 to the grandiose "international state" which leaped into being immediately after the war, the feeling which sponsored that League is still very much alive. Its misfortune is the fact that nothing done seems to indicate a marked advance. "Words, words, words" is the expression which comes wearily to the lips of many who once hoped for the end of all large-scale fighting. The present naval conference is a remarkable instance. All three powers in attendance have solemnly declared that peace must be encouraged and preparation for war restricted, but nothing of a more concrete nature has been decided. There is reason why a pessimist may believe that just as Italy and France declined to follow up the initiative made at the Washington conference in 1925, the next summons to consider the navy's business may be greeted with a universal 'nay.' As things are now, the important matter of limiting submarine warfare is not receiving any attention, primarily because the French believe a free hand in submarine building their only recipe for adequate coast defense.

A Belgian statesman, H. Carton de Wiart, recently described an incident which had occurred during the last Austrian offensive against Italy in 1918. He had been received in audience by Pope Benedict XV, who seemed deeply affected by the news of the day. "At all events," the Pope said, "we shall see come forth out of all this multitude of horrors two great conquests which will doubtless prevent future wars—universal free trade and international disarmament." These words expressed a hope which all of us shared, at least to some extent, at that time. Today we still believe somewhat feebly in the desirableness of both, but we know they will never come as results of the great war. Indeed the one outstanding effect of the various treaties of peace has been to render the dawn of free trade more remote than ever before. Industrial equipment is seen as an esential part of military preparedness; and precisely because experience has proved that in time of war they would need as much of everything as it is possible to get, the separate states have done nothing to aid the industrial project endorsed by all European economists—that each devote its efforts primarily to that variety of production which the nature of its soil and its mineral deposits indicate as normal. At present there are in Europe eighteen industrial states engaged in almost every kind of manu-

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facturing and forced to keep it all going by tariff restrictions. Moreover, something like 12,000 miles of new national boundaries have been sandwiched into the map of Europe—and every single mile is protected by customs officers! Indeed, trade war, together with a subtler series of sharp financial combats, is more intense in Europe today than ever before.

Similarly the war rendered the business of military disarmament a great deal more difficult because it familiarized mankind with all sorts of new weapons and methods of procedure. The use of gas and chemicals, the ease with which commercial air-ships and merchant liners and even taxicabs can be converted into implements of combat, the fact that long and intensive training of fighting units is necessary only in so far as the formation of a military nucleus is concerned—all these things were not known prior to the bloody experiments of the "four years." That is why the French continue to be so worried about German fitness for war. The clauses in the Versailles treaty stipulated a great many disarmament measures, but as things are now, complete disarmament could be imposed by force only if the whole industrial and scientific life of the country in question were choked.

A better view of the change which has come over warfare may be obtained, however, if one compares the problems now before the naval conference with those which disturbed relations between England and Germany prior to the war. It will be remembered that when King Edward visited the Kaiser in 1904, he was rather tactlessly treated to a review of the trim new imperial fleet. His Majesty returned home convinced that the efforts made during a few preceding years to render the maritime supremacy of Great Britain incontestable with regard to Europe were insufficient. Recourse was therefore taken to technical research, and the Dreadnought, first of great capital ships, made its appearance. The German reply was a change in the naval laws, which made possible the construction of similar ships. A great race was on; and although the Kaiser's government knew that it could never outstrip its rival, it was fully satisfied (in spite of some misgivings) that the existence of a sufficient number of capital ships constituted a threat against Great Britain which that country could not ignore, and which would therefore be a powerful reason why the British ought to consider participation in a continental war inexpedient.

The present debate at Geneva is an entirely different affair. Strictly speaking, no spirit of competition exists between British, United States and Japanese navies. It proved comparatively easy in 1925 to agree upon a 5-5-3 ratio, both because no government could survive public resentment of a heavy navy appropriation and because the United States's challenging of British sea supremacy does not constitute a military threat in the same way that Germany's did. Now, however, conditions revealed by practical experience suggest to each naval power certain things it might find necessary under the circumstances confronting it. The British plea for light cruisers, the American insistence upon heavy cruisers, conflict primarily because both sides are thinking not of war one against the other but of far different possibilities. Mr. Bridgeman is speaking for a navy which knows that war means patrol duty; Mr. Gibson represents a fleet which thinks of fighting in terms of defense and direct combat. Both are reckoning with complications that have arisen since the opening of the world war.

On the whole it is possible to say that more would have been achieved toward disarmament if the problem were not so complex and tangled. For instance, the League of Nations Commission, in the report which it made last April, was obliged to concede that various governments were not even in unison regarding the directions which the work of disarmament should take. Are we to conclude that nothing can be done? Is the situation really hopeless? By no means. There exist several very well-established instrumentalities by which the endeavor of pacification can be developed. The first is undoubtedly the League of Nations. Though it has not yet fulfilled the promise made and even guaranteed by the Treaty of Versailles to establish universal limitation of armament, it has accomplished a great deal of preliminary labor. Its reports constitute a lucid analysis of the situation, and the treaties which it has underwritten are patently not negligible advances toward pacification. Of course one would be mistaken in attributing finality to any of these things. They are steps on a road which must lead to the two things stressed by Benedict XV—disarmament and free trade—if we are really to have peace.

It is astonishing how little attention the United States has given to the work of the League. Although we are, perhaps, right in maintaining isolation from Geneva, one would expect citizens to take at least a cursory interest in so busy and important an institution. Very likely the explanation is our confidence in the people's ability to restrain the government from entertaining dreams of military expansion. Our practice has been to curtail appropriations for the army and navy to the very bone. This democratic power is a very real thing; and the more it develops everywhere, the less comprehensive will military preparedness become. The democratic mood in which most of the world now finds itself, can be a real force for international amity provided it remains alert to the need for constant action and is not swept away by sudden fierce and vindictive enthusiasms. Unfortunately this provision is not automatic. Unflagging moral effort to arouse and guide democracy, to keep aloft the standard of peace, remains essential. No such effort ought to be abandoned, if it is not altogether foolishly rhapsodical. In so far as Catholics are concerned, the Papacy has spoken so clearly regarding the matter that there ought to be no question either as to what must be done or as to the urgent necessity for doing it.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1927, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

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United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

THERE are times for blunt speech. Be it said, therefore, that one hopes the reason why Mr. Coolidge is in South Dakota rather than in Louisiana is not that the second state is immune to political party influence. Vacations are necessary; the strategic conduct of vacations is not illegal. We all know, however, that a great agricultural region in these United States has been devastated by floods, that its present plight is terrible beyond all words, and that nothing commensurate with the situation has been, or is being, done. The only person who can start things going in the right way is the President. It may be that the machinery of our government is far too inelastic for such emergencies, committing as it does all executive responsibility to one greatly overburdened man. But the fact remains that the flood situation is unparalleled in our history, and that the cause of this situation—the Mississippi and its tributaries—is national property. Peculiarly enough, the people's property has rendered destitute hundreds of thousands of people. Who is responsible? At present no one knows, because no one has ever really threshed out the problem or done everything possible to solve it. Both tasks must be entrusted to a commission which will have as much work to do as tariff or banking commissions ever had on their hands. Allowing them to wait, permitting the losses borne by hundreds of communities to fester, is precisely like refusing to call in the fire department from a picnic and letting the houses burn. The need for congressional action here is as obvious as is the need for Congress.

THE comments essayed by the Osservatore Romano on American movies, skyscrapers and civilization, to which a passing reference was made in these columns last week, have elicited an explanatory cablegram from the Roman correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. This message gives the rather uproarious author a good trimming, calling his work "a personal contribution," signed by one of the paper's "most recent and less authoritative collaborators." Our conclusion is that he must be conceived of as a young man of good intentions, legitimately disgusted with certain movies he had seen and deeply impressed by the philosophy of Mr. Mencken. Indeed, it is a long time since the Osservatore Romano has printed anything that might, were the emphasis on morals toned down a little or transferred to aesthetics, so easily have helped to fill the pages of the American Mercury. Meanwhile it is well to observe that our great and serviceable Roman newspaper is not a Vatican organ. The Acta Apostolicae Sedis is the only publication which can claim this title, although the Osservatore Romano, edited for the most part by Jesuits, is careful to avoid stating officially anything not in harmony with the mind of the Holy See. In the present instance, a writer was voicing personal wrath created, it is well to bear in mind, by a variety of cinema which has done United States prestige a great deal of harm throughout the world. His references to "the occidental danger," it can readily be admitted, were rather hasty—but, thank heaven, not all the West is Hollywood.

IRISH members of Parliament were once the watchful and natural critics of many harsh administrative measures that were the better for a frank airing, and the cause of liberal government in England is the poorer for their absence. That there is plenty of room for criticism at home now that Ireland has acquired her dominion status appears from time to time, even in weeklies that are far from hostile to the Free State government. Two particularly illuminating instances are recorded for us in recent issues of the Irish Statesman, published at Dublin and edited by the scholar and keen political critic who signs himself A. E. Speaking upon the subject of economic revival in the "sister island," Mr. L. Smith Gordon, who is a member of the Free State Banking Commission, gave "dear money" as one of the main factors that is retarding development. The interest charged upon loans by the joint stock banks which cover the country with their operations, it appears, is 5½ percent compared with 4½ percent in England. At the same time the interest allowed upon deposits is one-half percent less than in the larger country. "They are content to pay 2 percent to their depositors," comments Mr. F. F. Barry, "and 16 percent or more to their shareholders. We maintain this is unsound." In our opinion "unsound" is a moderate word, and we

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would find no difficulty at all in supplying a stronger, if the retort that it is none of our business anyhow were not so obvious.

DETAILS of traffic, in comparison with so vital a matter as financial accommodation, are of secondary importance. Nevertheless, the new road regulations which have been prepared by the very energetic official who is commissioner of the Civic Guards in Ireland, come to remind us that a new era is dawning in the Free State not altogether grateful to those who remember less strenuous days. Speed restrictions for the automobile, it appears, are to be abolished, and for the protection of the pedestrian mainly concerned, a rule prohibiting loitering upon the roads, or walking more than three abreast upon the footpath, is to be rigorously enforced. Roadside life in Ireland, as in every country with an authentic and land-loving peasantry, has been the theme of many a poem and story. It is impossible to contemplate its sacrifice before the moloch of speed without a quite special pang. "There will be no cattle fairs on the streets," bewails the Irish Statesman in an editorial upon the new regulations, "no cross-road dances, no political meetings holding up the traffic. We surrender our freedom to our own elected rulers." Progress is a harsh master. Sometimes one wishes that the very realistic and effective persons, who make laws for the new Irish dominion, were not so obviously anxious to earn the good opinion of those outside Ireland to whom it is the be-all and end-all of life, and a little more respectful to the differences which made the island of saints, even in its darkest days, the easiest country for the unworldly to live in and keep their self-respect.

A SHY little addition to the world's journalism which stole into life three months ago and which has many claims to kindly notice and encouragement is The Cardinal's Notebook, the monthly organ of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute at Ridge, Maryland. The first number, which has just reached us, gives an interesting account, full of good spirits and salted with a considerable sense of humor, of the founding of this institute for colored youth, which bears the name of Baltimore's beloved cardinal on the best of grounds. It was through his interest and practical assistance that the scheme, mooted in 1916, was put upon a working basis, though it was not till eight years later that Gibbons Hall was completed and dedicated. The problem of the colored citizen in our midst grows more rather than less complicated every year, but this very complication is, in a way, a tribute to the strides in education that he is making, and the justifiable urgency with which he is knocking at the door of trades and professions hitherto considered as closed to him. At a time when a certain group of intellectuals are busied making the Negro matter for fiction and psychological study based upon the most sensuous and least worthy elements in his composition, it is more than ever necessary that those who have his best interests at heart should welcome the evidence which The Cardinal's Notebook affords of his entire eligibility to play a serious and worthy part in our society.

FOLLOWING on the heels of a project to establish a foundation for "Catholic literary awards" to be made annually, comes the news that Albertus Magnus College, New Haven, Connecticut, offers a prize of $1,000 exclusive of royalties for the best religious play suitable for production by girls' schools and colleges. This is the greatest financial encouragement even given to Catholic letters in the United States; and one hopes it will induce many to submit their best efforts. The conditions governing the award are stated clearly in an announcement which may be secured from the college. It may be well to say here, however, that a full-length play is desired, that the subject should be religious and, if possible, associated with the New Testament or the life of a saint, and that manuscripts should be submitted prior to November 1, 1927. Personally, this last stipulation is the only one we are disposed to question, the time allotted seeming to be somewhat too brief. The judges are the Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs, Mrs. Euphemia Van Renssalaer Wyatt, and Mr. Thomas Cushing.

IN AN instalment of its very interesting little series, A Fact a Day About Our Government, the New York Sun touches upon the matter of congressional chaplains, and notes that "though there is no rule in regard to religious qualifications" it just happens that the office has never been held by a Catholic minister of religion. While technically right so far as Congress is concerned, the Sun might have carried its researches so far as to have discovered that the office of chaplain to the Senate was once held by a Catholic priest, and held so long ago as 1832. Father Charles Constantine Pise, who died in 1866, was the case in point. Assistant pastor of Saint Patrick's Church in Washington, and a personal friend of President Tyler, he was elected Senate chaplain on December 11, 1832. Besides being the author of many works which an oblivion not altogether deserved has covered, and of an unpublished and unacted drama upon the Spanish conquest of Mexico, Father Pise was the author of a fine poem upon the national flag which The Commonweal reprinted in its columns a few months since. The election of a priest of the Catholic Church to this high honor ninety-seven years ago stands out as a positive landmark of tolerance. The fact that it has remained a solitary precedent during all the ninety-seven years that have elapsed since his appointment, does not convey the impression that the said tolerance has been making very great headway among our legislators.

MR. HENRY FORD has displayed the great and enviable quality of being able to change his mind. Rarely does a man so old, so wealthy and so accus-

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tomed to having his own way manage as thorough a right-about face as the Detroit magnate has triumphantly completed during the last month. Of course his expedition against the Hebrews was hopelessly fanatical and unintelligent. It was based, however, upon circumstantial evidence of that vague, inchoate sort which can stave off decisions in a libel suit until long after the cattle have come home. Mr. Ford, however, found out he had been wrong, and wisely proceeded to admit as much. It is a far different attitude from the one taken during the famous suit he himself waged against the Chicago Tribune which, fought out to the bitter end for the sake of victory on a point of detail, gave rise to whole floods of satire. Secondly, moreover, he has manifestly altered the character of his universally known product. The "tin Lizzie" was no work of art, it did not cater to many motorists' ideal of convenience, but it was capable of first-class performance and it could be sold at a price "within the reach of all." Naturally Mr. Ford was proud of it. But the old order changeth in merchandising as in everything else, and we have been assured that the new Detroit masterpiece will satisfy contemporary tastes. Here again our most triumphant captain of industry has set an example of flexibility and adaptability worth taking into account.

WHAT looks like a consoling frontal attack upon American Catholic educational facilities was announced in the news that Señor Miguel Bustamente, cousin of the President of Chile, had arrived in the United States with his wife and their eleven children. The purpose is group education, beginning with the entry of the older boys into the University of Notre Dame and of their more or less contemporary sisters into the neighboring Saint Mary's College. Señora Bustamente is to establish a home in the neighboring city for her younger children, and incidentally to encourage her oldest to do their very best. Not everybody has 4,000,000 acres and twenty-seven cattle ranches from which to derive sustenance for such a venture; but it does seem that the Bustamentes have given a salutary "tip" on the difficult problem of educating young South American Catholics in this country. Most of those who have come in the past felt very keenly their alienation from home and the indifference of the surrounding educational world toward them. Only very rarely have they actually received the finest we have to offer, and even more rarely have they become acclimated to United States conditions. Why not adopt the principle of having homes for these students in towns where there are suitable colleges? Certainly it would be possible to find educated, dependable Latin-American couples able to conduct such homes, to guide their young guests in the ways of a strange land, and to remove from their shoulders the burden which is perhaps the hardest of all to bear—the burden of a crushing isolation.

TWO days ago the centenary was celebrated in England of that witty and enlightened statesman, George Canning. Although his fame in this country rests upon his foreign policy of non-intervention and more especially upon one phrase, again and again quoted: "I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old"—there is a cogent reason why English-speaking Catholics the world over should bear his memory in mind. Canning, in his own day and time, was a steadfast champion of a most unpopular cause—the cause of Catholic Emancipation. The fact that it cost him the support of many of the most influential men in England, including the hide-bound Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, when he was suddenly called upon to construct a ministry, suggests that he was not the self-seeking politician he has been sometimes represented. In a motion on the Catholic claims in the House of Commons, on June 22, 1812, he laid down a proposition which, trite as it may seem today, must have sounded in many contemporary ears rather as an echo of our own Declaration of Independence than as a statement of British political ideals of his own day and class. "I may assume as a general rule that citizens of the same state, subjects living under the same government, are entitled, prima facie, to equal political rights and privileges."

PAUL VALERY was received into the French Academy on June 23 under circumstances which must be labeled extraordinary. As a general rule even the Parisian public is content to be informed by the newspapers that so-and-so was yesterday officially established upon the illustrious chair of green. The crowd turned out for M. Valéry in such numbers, however, that even the oldest citizens could not recall having witnessed anything similar. It is true, as Henry Bidou hastens to remind us, that "this enthusiasm was particularly moving because three-fourths of these faithful souls had not read a single line of the poet, and the remaining fourth had not understood what he was trying to say." But, true to form, the famous author of Jeune Parque provided the nation with an excellent topic of conversation. He looked into the affairs of his predecessor, Anatole France, and reported that he was an excellent stylist. In fact, he insinuated that the supreme achievement of this eminent ironical classicist was to deal with "the gravest problems" in such a way that the reader was never obliged to think. It is not to be marveled at that Paul Souday was so overcome by the incident that, apart from his work for domestic consumption, he devoted two papers hand-running to the Times Book Review. If one be permitted to accept these articles as evidence, M. Souday is still overcome. Meanwhile the new academician appears to be thinking away merrily, and regretting the circumstance that initiation into a green seat is a thing which happens only once during a lifetime. The discriminating will find the text of his Academy address most interesting —and, of course, ever so intellectual.

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FRETFUL EUROPE

"ANTI-CLERICALISM" said M. Jules Ferry, in a memorable phrase, when invited to extend the French laws against religious congregations to France's possessions in the Far East, "is not an article for exportation." A great many things besides laws aimed at regulating the right to association out of existence, have been found to suffer when the seas are passed, and criticism, applied by one nation to another, is among them. Strictures which arouse little attention and no antagonism worth speaking of when expressed in the family circle, take on a very different tone, when they are uttered by the stranger. It seems to matter little that these exceptions often re-echo the sentiments of many among the native born. From the moment that they are used to sharpen international distinctions, and to frame a charge of misdirected effort, on the part of the country criticized, the esprit de corps that is latent in every heart with a strong sense of its origins, becomes restless, and growls if it does not show its teeth.

One of the penalties that we are likely to pay as the shrinkage of our world goes on, is a higher frequency in these clashes of temperament. In days that are not so long ago, the variety of the world, and the distance of its component peoples was a safeguard against misunderstanding. In lands that were reached at the end of many weeks of travel, differences were expected as in the natural course of events, and psychological territory was seldom explored to provide a reason for their existence. A sentimental traveler noting a better system of road travel might regret mildly that "they order these things differently in France." But to accuse the Frenchman of disliking home because leaving it was made easier for him, was a sally of wit that did not occur to the men of old.

As the tempo of intercourse between nations is speeded up, not only does the interchange of facilities become more frequent, but a good deal of sensitiveness as to who is getting the better of the deal is occasionally aired. A serious and self-conscious element in our own day and generation, absorbed in the theory and practice of getting on to a quite remarkable degree, looks around for conspicuous examples of success. Finding them, it is only too apt to erect concrete evidences of its existence into symbols, and to insist upon their adoption at home as the first step toward equal prosperity. Naturally, a more conservative element, seeing its secular culture threatened by a standardization alien to its genius, takes alarm. Human reason being the illogical affair it is, strictures seldom remain on aesthetic ground. From disliking an innovation because its presence in our midst offends eye and ear to presuming some measure of spiritual error or impoverishment before its existence could be made possible is a step that it is fatally easy to take.

An article from the Osservatore Romano upon certain matters that Americans have come to regard as their own institutions, is a case in point. The elucidations since made upon it are referred to in another section of this issue, and whatever its partial justification, there can be no doubt that the later dispatch, putting the larger question in its correct perspective as an expression of merely personal opinion, reached us as a relief. But even after a homily has been stripped of official significance, it retains a certain value as the outward manifestation of an inward resentment, or shall we say grouch. From this point of view the opinion of the Roman critic who dislikes skyscrapers and Hollywood-made movies and who regards their export as an aggression of the "dollar standard," deserves a moment's attention.

For, quite bluntly, if Americans generally are forced to see such incidentals taken over-seriously abroad and made a reproach to their own scheme of life, the fault must be considered to lie largely at the door of certain over-zealous champions at home. Many patriotic Americans dislike the movies and register their dislike by staying away from them. Many patriotic Americans regard the tall building as a mere utilitarian opportunity presented by ferro-concrete construction. Still more refuse to hear, in the grunts, wails and percussions of the Congo forest, cunningly orchestrated, America's one authentic contribution to world music. Until a very few years ago their dissent would have been tolerated, if not honored, as the reaction of a certain type of mind, educated if a little traditional, toward newcomers in the arts whose pedigree is at best speculative. But of late a school has arisen, with a leading voice in all organs of opinion that profess to be abreast of contemporary thought, very powerful, and as bigoted as it is powerful, which resents such heresy, even when it takes the form of mere passive distaste, and brands it as obscurantism if not disloyalty. "Jazz is not a question of notes," pontificates Mr. Chester Arthur, in a recent article aimed at enlightening the darkness of Erin through the Irish Statesman. "It is a question of the true dance instinct —a symbol if you like, of the rhythm of life itself." And, of the skyscraper: "Here is the soul of America expressing itself through that other fundamental art. . . . And like jazz, it is already conquering the whole civilized world."

It is such rhapsodies as Mr. Arthur's, of whose insecure backing in instructed American thought the foreigner who reads of it can, naturally, have no idea, that are leading the foreigner to ask in all seriousness whether Europe "can easily forsake its past to accept with eyes closed the improvised civilization from beyond the Atlantic." Before proclaiming a victory as slick and facile as Caligula's over the ocean, the apostles of the new arts might well ask themselves just how the improvisations of Paul Whiteman and Carpenter are likely to sound in an ear accustomed to Mozart and Beethoven, or how the zoned building may soar upon a vision trained by Chartres, let us say, or the Museo Civico at Vicenza.

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THAT WAR WITH JAPAN

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THE situation at the Naval Armament Conference has not noticeably revived the feeling that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable or imminent, but that feeling is nevertheless nearly constant and comes to the fore at regular intervals.

A few months ago World's Work produced a "Next War Number." Its most important article was one awesomely entitled How We Shall Lose the Next War. It was written by Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who from 1910 to 1915, on the General Board and in naval operations, was occupied with war plans in which, apparently, war with Japan dominated all other contingencies. Admiral Fiske is of the opinion that the only way to prevent war with any given power is to make such preparations as will insure the defeat of the aggressor. He disagrees completely with the continuous belief of "American statesmen" that "war is a thing abnormal and not very important after all." He plainly resents the agreement reached by the conference on armament limitation (November, 1921) which "destroyed a highly safe and satisfactory situation which was slowly but surely developing whereby the menace of war (with Japan) would be virtually obliterated." And he asserts that "most naval strategists believe that war will come [with particular reference evidently to a Japanese war] because all the conditions leading to war seem to be satisfied."

It is quite true that, in American diplomacy, war has never been used as an adjunct to negotiation, as has been customary with other nations. I think it is not demonstrable that the United States has lost by that policy in the long run, though, granted universal bad faith, all the contingencies may arise which Admiral Fiske proposes. However, the point which I wish to make in this article is that there are reasons not brought forward by the admiral why, no matter what the situation may have been in 1915, "conditions leading to war" today would not "seem to be satisfied" to some who know Japan and the Far East rather intimately.

At the Restoration, when Japan decided definitely to follow certain western methods and manners, the army and navy, officers and men, were drawn from the Samurai caste—hereditary warriors. Their natural aptitude for the profession of arms made them (under expert French guidance till 1870, and under German guidance thereafter with British models for the navy) the highly efficient fighting machine which aroused the interest of European officers in 1884, in the war with China, in 1901, in the Boxer campaign, and in 1894, at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Samurai was a country man. The change from agricultural life to manufacturing brought about a more rapid change in Japan than it did in Europe. The regiments conscripted in the new industrial centres for the Russo-Japanese War were a disturbing revelation to their military leaders. After the beginning of the land attack on Port Arthur, though Japanese censorship was complete, it was an open secret among the few westerners who happened to be close to the scene that the new troops could not stand the Russian shell fire, that there had been serious mutinies, executions, enforced withdrawals from the front line. All this was completely new to the Japanese mind and inexpressibly shocking. It was concealed as a national, as a family, disgrace. Nevertheless it was a fact, and it was a disturbing memory in the world war.

Japan realized then that any army which did not take a full share in the operations of the western front was an obsolete army. Japanese leaders were torn between a keen desire for that experience and memory of Port Arthur, strengthened by their observations of the total inability of other oriental contingents to stand the conditions of modern warfare. They preferred the tradition of their ancient fighting qualities to the possibility of a disastrous demonstration that their more nervous temperament might not hold under intensive high explosive fire on a par with the Germans, French and English.

The obvious decision would be to avoid war with any major western nation till the generation had passed away which actually took part in the world war, leaving a new generation no more experienced than themselves. War with the United States was possible up to the participation of Americans in the operations of the western front. Today it is less possible than war between any other two principal nations. That is one reason Admiral Fiske and his commentators have not mentioned.

There is another reason. The Japanese clan system, approximating very closely the mediaeval chivalry of Europe, molded a formidable warrior caste, and when Japan passed definitely to western forms, there was at first no clear-cut distinction between the warrior and the civilian, any more than there was in Europe before the rise of the bourgeoisie. The militaristic concept was common to both the military and the civilian branches of government. Both were men of the sword, as in Europe. With the abolition of clan fighting, with the restoration of the emperor, the centralization of government and the mediatization of the great feudal nobles, war and the military establishment became simply a part of the tool equipment with which Japanese statesmen proposed to construct the future of the empire.

Alone among oriental peoples they had decided definitely that to survive against the West they must use

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the methods, forms and weapons of the West. China, Korea and the rest looked upon them as traitors to a common cause and not very successful traitors; yet they feared them. Europeans looked upon them as totally inadequate imitators—yet they feared them.

Japanese, no more than any other orientals, admitted any intrinsic racial superiority in the western peoples; they claimed that any apparent superiority there might be, lay rather in certain governmental and social forms and in the applied sciences. With these things judiciously analyzed, appropriated to their own needs and properly assimilated, racial superiority might be demonstrated to lie with the oriental. To this contention Koreans, and particularly Chinese, replied that, no matter what Japanese might assume of barbarous western manners and methods, war was the supreme test. Among certain groups of Japanese that answer took root thirty years ago. The thoughts of these groups of the island empire turned toward extension to other islands—for food reservoirs, for new homes for surplus population, for raw materials, and for a successful demonstration in the use of war and western armaments.

Their complete victory over China was not enough. The perfect demonstration contemplated a western nation. Their thoughts turned to the Spaniards in the Philippines. The Spanish-American War broke, and the demonstrators hovered over the American successors to the Spaniards. Then came a great and imminent danger, from Russia, through Korea, a few hours from the heart of Japan; a threat not to their future greatness but to their immediate, very life. Japan knew the excellent qualities of Russian troops. They also knew the rottenness of the Russian military system, the unwieldiness of the Russian government, the inadequacy of transport, and they were deeply aware of the psychological effect of a successful war between a physically small David and a colossal Russian Goliath. They struck quickly and hard. When defeat after defeat had aroused the Russians to concentrated effort and the Japanese armies though victorious had reached deadlock, America intervened—and Japan was glad enough of the intervention, which saved her victory and left her demonstration successful.

The reputation of Japan's fighting quality has lasted over a generation. It has not been necessary to repeat the demonstration. Japan does not want to repeat it nor to risk it. War with the West is simply an efficient weapon in her political arsenal. She has nothing to gain from its use. Diplomacy is her strength. Add this to her knowledge that the experience of America's war effort and present wealth makes us the most formidable opponents in the world for the moment, and one may feel reasonably sure of a steady, sane, statesmanlike policy on the part of Japan—a Japan changed in this last generation and touched by all the forces of the West, by all the forces of Russia, by the phenomena developing in China and throughout the oriental peoples.

War with any western nation will not dominate that policy. Japan has internal problems not to be solved in the next few years. Japan's diplomacy is utilitarian and skilful. The Philippines are not now useful to Japan from any point of view. Neither does Japan want any position near her from which she may be dominated. Japan is building, and cannot take risks; and Japan is building on changing foundations. Japanese diplomacy is apt and quick to profit by coldly analytical observation of Europe. A lesson of the world war which is not likely to have escaped attention is the advantages accruing to a producing nation which can remain neutral in a major war.

JULIAN HARRIS AND HIS FATHER

By LURTON BLASSINGAME

JULIAN HARRIS has returned to Georgia to carry on the fight for his principles. He is now struggling for the emancipation of the University of Georgia and for "the American concept of freedom of conscience and religious worship," a concept challenged in the South by the Ku Klux Klan and in the North by Charles C. Marshall's article in the Atlantic Monthly demanding that Governor Alfred E. Smith make a statement of his religious beliefs.

He has been damned in his own state where he should have been honored, but his value to the nation has been recognized elsewhere; and his paper, the Columbia Enquirer-Sun, was awarded the 1925 Pulitzer prize for public service for its fight against corrupt politics, religious intolerance and racial prejudice. During seven years he has stood out boldly against every reactionary tendency, struggling always for what he considered the truth. Soon after buying out the paper and taking the editorship in November, 1920, he published in full the exposé of the Klan by the New York World when no other Georgia paper would touch it—and lost 20 percent of his circulation for his bravery. Last year the paper cleared $3,500—the first year it had not lost money. And yet this struggling paper has given to the South two names known to every cultured American: those of the editor and his wife, Julia Collier Harris. It is Mrs. Harris who writes the editorials, and whose rare intelligence and culture have enabled her to produce criticism of such high order that she is classed with such literary interpreters of the South as John M'Clure and Frances Newman.

Talking to Mr. Harris during his recent visit in New York, I became acquainted with an idealism not often found in this commercial age:

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> When I gave up my connection with the New York Herald [he had been in charge of that paper's Paris edition] I thought I would try an experiment. My hope was to put before southern editors a perfectly rational view: justice for rich and poor, black and white; a return to constitutional freedom of speech and freedom of religious beliefs without prejudices. And so I fought certain things. If it broke me, it was all right, and Mrs. Harris felt the same way. I believe that she would rather have seen me assassinated than to have seen me play the coward about my views. We lost $42,000, but we broke the Klan in Columbus two years ago, and it has practically disappeared from Georgia since then.

And I, who recalled how his father, Joel Chandler Harris, had said, "What a legacy for one's conscience to know that one has been instrumental in mowing down the old prejudices that rattle in the wind like weeds," knew where this fair-haired young editor had found his convictions. Yet I asked him, to make sure. "From my father," he answered. "He inculcated the principle, 'If you believe a thing is right, stand for it no matter what the cost.' Tolerance and kindliness are what I remember of him above all things."

"Tolerance and kindliness": the chief attributes I remember of Uncle Remus. All my life I have known Uncle Remus. Even before I could read I would sit at feet which willingly became his by proxy, listening with a child's delight to the stories of Br'er Rabbit and De Tar-Baby, Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox. In them is the charm of a South which is gone—which, indeed, may never have existed save in the mind of one man who knew sorrow and beauty and love and truth in the dark days which followed the descent of the stars and bars. But in that man they existed; and Uncle Remus will remain as eternal as childhood: his stories will go down with the poems of Sidney Lanier as the only literature produced in the South during the fifty years of stagnation which followed the Civil War.

The creator of Uncle Remus lacked robustness in childhood. Shut off from the light-hearted play of tyro business men, he created a world of his own from the stories read to him by his mother. He was sensitive to the poverty which forced her to live in a small cottage on the town's outskirts and support him and her mother by sewing; sensitive to his humble birth; sensitive to the coarse jests of his schoolmates at the private school of Captain John S. Reid, which he attended for a year and a half without being able to pay his tuition. The post-office became the axis around which his life revolved; for the master was genial, and papers offered reading when books could not be borrowed.

It was in one of these newspapers, under date of February 25, 1862, that the fourteen-year-old Joel saw an announcement which altered his life, an item stating that a paper, The Countryman, was to be started on a plantation nine miles from his home. He secured the job of printer's devil on this paper and moved to Turnwold, beautiful plantation of his employer, J. A. Turner. The man loved the quiet boy, took him into his home and shared with him high dreams of the South rising triumphant through a great literature—dreams which the boy later strove to make reality.

Little of the old South survives, yet Turnwold does; its atmosphere Joel absorbed, from it he took his Uncle Remus. "Ole Uncle" the character was called on the plantation where he had been a slave, and where he lived happily on, dispensing 'simmon beer and ginger cakes to those who gathered around in the evenings to hear his stories. To "Ole Uncle's" charm Joel later added that of several other old negroes, so that the character as we know him is a "kind of human syndicate" of the darkies of the regime which began to fade with the attack on Fort Sumter.

When he was eighteen Joel had to leave Turnwold, for the paper he had learned to love ceased publication; the last copy, printed by his hand, was found in his effects after his death. He moved to Macon, where he became typesetter on the Telegraph; then to New Orleans, where he was secretary to the editor of the Crescent Monthly; and on its decease he became the associate of J. P. Harrison, who was starting the Monroe Advertiser in Forsyth, Georgia. Papers, in those chaotic days, did not live long in the South.

He was a study in contrasts. His freckled face was crowned by a flame of hair ("Red Top," his friends called him) yet his body was delicate. Considerate of others to the point where it seemed he read every nuance of the emotions, he guarded his own reticence to the point of incivility. Sham was anathema to him; and against the approach of insincerity he armed himself with bluntness. He reveals other traits in a letter to Mrs. Starke, a life-long friend and the elder sister of his associate:

> The truth is, I am morbidly sensitive. With some people the quality of sensitiveness adds to their refinement and has quite a charm. With me it is an affliction, a disease that has cost me more mortification and grief than anything in the world, or everything put together. The least hint, a word, a gesture, is enough to put me in a frenzy almost. The least coolness on the part of a friend; the slightest rebuff tortures me beyond expression; I have wished a thousand times that I was dead and out of sight. You cannot conceive to what extent this feeling goes with me. It is worse than death itself. It is horrible.

But when, in 1870, he accepted an offer from the Savannah Morning News, he met someone who conquered his sensitiveness—and his heart.

Esther La Rose and her father, a sea captain, lived in the same boarding-house with Joel; and Esther had the vivacious spirit of her French forebears, the delicacy and human understanding of her teachers in the convent of Saint Hyacinthe, near Montreal. Joel, who had never had anything to do with girls, felt strangely at ease with her; they talked together, matched wits—and found love. In the spring of 1873

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—such a spring as can be found only in the South—they were married. Joel was twenty-four; Esther just eighteen. They had four sons: Julian, Lucien, Evelyn, and Joel Chandler, junior.

In 1876 Joel and his family moved to Atlanta to escape the yellow fever epidemic then raging in Savannah. While there the editor of the Atlanta Constitution sought him out and asked him to join the editorial staff of his paper. It was there that Uncle Remus was born, this being the name Harris signed to a column he was asked to run. Until 1901 he was actively associated with the Constitution—for the last eleven years as editor.

The first edition of Uncle Remus stories appeared in 1880. With the profits Harris bought a home in the west end of Atlanta which he named The Sign of the Wren's Nest, and there he lived until his death on July 3, 1908. His wife with loving solicitude shielded him from strangers, literary interviews, and social functions: for he always clung to his natural simplicity and humbleness, and was the shy recluse at his death that he was as a boy. Yet he held his friends in warm affection, was tenderly considerate of every creature, loved children, befriended the needy. His was a devout nature, and he once told a friend: "The most important conviction of my life was when I came fully to realize that a personal Providence watched over me from day to day. With me it is no longer a belief, but a fact. I have been on the brink of ruin many times, and God has always rescued me." Before his death he found the refuge his soul had been seeking: he became a member of the Catholic Church.

His grave in Atlanta is marked by an unhewn granite boulder, on which is inscribed from his own writing:

> I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children, some young and fresh, some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart, and not an unfriendly face among them; and out of the confusion, while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: "You have made some of us happy." And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips tremble, and I have to bow silently, and turn away and slip back into the obscurity that fits me best.

But though he bow silently, he can never slip into obscurity; for always he will come back to make glad the heart of childhood; and his sons carry onward the name and the torch of truth he handed to them.

The Room Remains

The room remains, though the dweller is gone;
The harp is near, though the player is afar. . .
Who may know my thoughts this hour!
Tears on the pillow,
Rain in the garden,
Together falling,
Falling until dawn.

KWEI CHEN.

BOY WORK TODAY

By KILIAN HENNRICH

MODERN boy work among Catholics has branched out into three distinct groups. In the first group we find those who advocate and promote Catholic organizations for Catholic boys; the second group recommends the adaptation of non-sectarian organizations to Catholic boys under Catholic auspices; the third maintains that no distinctively Catholic boy work is desirable or necessary.

The first group has the express approbation of the Holy See. Its efforts are indulgenced and enjoy the approval of four American cardinals, of a large number of members of the hierarchy and of many pastors and educators. The second group has the conditional approval of the Pope and of a number of bishops, priests and educators. The last group claims some approvals of its work and endeavors to educate leaders, but its achievement has not yet been scrutinized for lack of sufficient printed information. Since the movement changed its initial policy of coming to the aid of the clergy, to demanding the support of the clergy instead, it seems that the former approvals are no longer of any value.

Each of these groups has issued official literature and from these publications, together with their activities in the field, a good idea of the principles that govern their doings may be obtained.

The first group advocating a Catholic national organization stands for the strict observance of canon law as partly applied by the "motu proprio" issued by Pope Benedict XV on the occasion of the opening of the Oratory of Saint Peter in Rome. Its final object is the unification of our Catholic social boys' organizations along parochial and diocesan lines into a national union under the jurisdiction and leadership of the bishops and pastors. In order to reach this object it tries to uphold, strengthen and perfect already established units of Catholic boys. It does not therefore demand a strict adherence to a definite program, but presents a definite plan according to which all activities may be grouped in an orderly manner. It separates religion from social activities as to time, in order to make it possible to admit also non-Catholics, if this seems prudent or advisable in individual cases. As a whole, it considers recreational work as a means to extend pastoral care among boys otherwise difficult to reach. Lastly, this group maintains that a strong Catholic organization is needed to counteract the influence of others having wrong principles and ethics.

The second group mentioned above advocates the formation of Catholic units under Catholic leaders or auspices as parts of national neutral organizations, and assures us that drawbacks may easily be overcome by putting all our strength into organizing these units. This would secure a sufficiently strong Catholic representation on the national boards. It tries to substitute definite Christian morals for vague and doubtful

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ethics. Some of its promoters go even a step further and hope for a gradual change to a separate division for Catholic boys, but this idea is at present vehemently opposed by the neutral national organizations.

As reasons for its theory this group maintains that Catholics will gain great advantages by lining up with these neutral organizations and that a Catholic national organization is financially impossible. But this conclusion is based on the supposition that Catholics would have to create an entirely new machinery, which, of course, is not quite true.

Moreover, this group favors the formation of small select units and the eduction of Catholic leaders to direct them. The creation of such groups would naturally leave the bulk of boys needing guidance untouched, the number of leaders required being such as to make the plan impossible on a large scale.

Lastly, it places high confidence in the promises made by the neutral organizations, not sufficiently considering the fact that they are agencies eagerly trying to sell their goods to a Catholic public not much inclined to buy. In one word, it tries to achieve in the United States under much less favorable conditions what failed in several countries of Europe with a mixed religious population.

The third group could hardly be classified under Catholic boy work, except in so far as it is promoted by Catholics. Its official spokesman vehemently denies that there is a Catholic boy problem as such, because all boys—it is said—face the same loss or gain in religious or material progress. It claims that, so far as the mixing up of Catholics and non-Catholics is concerned, a boy ought to face what a man eventually must face. It maintains that boy work is essentially a lay activity and that trained lay leaders should also supply the religious features. Accordingly it leaves to pastors nothing save the functions of approval and support, and is destructive of all distinctly Catholic work, although it promotes a Catholic boys' organization of its own based on a masonic model with a Y. M. C. A. pledge.

Some of its statements that appeared in the press are: "Outside the time a boy spends at home or in school, he is left completely to himself and to the bad influence of the street, etc." "Changed conditions and environments are responsible for the crime among youth." "The home, the Church and the school can no longer complete the development of the boy. The need of a fourth agency (boy guidance) is recognized to bring to fruit the other three." "Boy guidance devolves very naturally upon laymen." This group justifies some of its methods on papal pronouncements wrongly explained or applied.

All three groups have a strong and numerous backing; hence the great interest in the topic of this article. Much more could be written, but since this paper is intended merely to give the present standing of boy work among Catholics, its task is completed without offering an evaluation of the groups outlined.

JOSEPH BÉDIER AND LOUVAIN

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

NOBODY else, it seems to me, has summed up so well the significance of the Louvain anniversary as M. Joseph Bédier, whose address to the great festival throng presented the felicitations of the French Academy. He is, as everyone knows, one of the most significant among contemporary French humanists—a man who can make old texts, such as forgotten versions of King Arthur legends, come to life and be genuinely companionable. M. Bédier remarked that, as far back as 1530, "Erasmus and Vives were living at the Collège de Trois Langues, which a rich burgher had established at Louvain, and at which the seed of the renaissance was germinating rapidly. His attention having been called to the matter, the French king Francis I resolved to emulate the Belgian citizen; and guided by the model of Louvain, he founded the Collège de France, saying magnificently that it was to be built not of stones but of men. Among the seven humanists who became the foundation pillars of this singular edifice, one, Barthélemy Masson, came from Louvain."

After this there followed work equally significant and noble. Summing it up, M. Bédier declared: "Whatever may be the differences between us, all who are present today commemorate with one mind the fact that in this place—and such places are rare on earth—men succeeding one another throughout five centuries remained, for the most part, faithful to one vow—to journey toward truth with all their souls. They were faithful to this purpose in the most diverse domains of spiritual activity. Let us call to mind the long series of volumes issued by the university press—the incunabula of John of Westphalia and Thierry Martens, numberless editions and commentaries of profane and sacred authors, the legal writings of Gabriel Mudée. Let us remember the editions of the Vulgate sponsored by Jean Hentenius, and later by Luc de Bruges, the influence of which is still perceptible because the text served as a basis for the Clementine edition. And there are many other things. All, undertaken in a lofty spirit, can be accounted for only if we consider that these savants of a distant age worked under the same sign—that of an entire disinterestedness of spirit—and that they all accepted as the law of their lives the principle which has been expressed thus: 'One should march resolutely forward, with the inviolable conviction that truth will always sooner or later harmonize with truth.'"

The phrasing of this principle brought M. Bédier to what is in many respects the noblest as well as the most tragic episode in the history of Louvain. It was Desiré Cardinal Mercier who, having inaugurated the brilliant revival of philosophical study which has brought the university so much renown, drew inspiration from the smoking ruins of its library for that dignified patriotic resistance to injustice which did so much to affect the fate of mankind. It was also Cardinal Mercier who phrased the principle quoted by M. Bédier, who went on to say: "Having accepted as his mission 'to prove that virtual harmony exists between the Catholic Faith and the conclusions established by science,' the Cardinal welcomed all the sincere efforts of reason and did not fear the risks which it necessarily incurred. He knew well that wherever there is no personal investigation and willingness to discover the new, science has not even begun to exist, and that the man of science should bring to the task of verifying an hypothesis a prudence comparable with nothing except the courage which he expended upon the work of forming that hypothesis. Therefore Cardinal Mercier loved to say over and over again that 'the first con-

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dition of fruitful research is scientific liberty.' 'It is necessary,' he declared, 'to foster science for its own sake, without seeking to promote any apologetic purpose.' He advised his students to entertain 'respect for scientific truth, from whatever source it might come and whatever it might be'; and almost every year he began his course in psychology with a lecture in which his text was this aphorism of Herbert Spencer: 'In every error there is a soul of truth.' "

"He held that error is the 'herald and the constant companion of truth'; that 'a true conclusion is often nothing but the goal arrived at through a long sequence of errors,' that 'the general law of progress is that successive generations draw nearer, through fragmentary inductions and often by reason of more than one mistake, to that which shall finally constitute a step in advance for thought'; and that, as a result, one who has an idea should follow it resolutely through its consequences—'these devious, narrow paths in which one comes to feel that one has gone astray are really the most practicable and in the long run, perhaps, the most direct of all the roads toward truth.' 'Let us be modest,' he said again, 'let us know that we do not know.' This creed of all genuine men of science was never stated with an accent more lofty. But Cardinal Mercier had studied at Louvain and taught there; he had piously harvested the living tradition of old masters; and if it be true—as it manifestly is—that their lessons helped to forge his great and honest soul, honor to this house! And certainly there is every reason why so large a number of men dedicated to the labors of the spirit should unite today to honor Louvain, and that some of them should accept the medium of my unworthy voice.

" 'O fida sedes artium et fructu bona,
Lateque spargens nomen et lumen tuum! . . .' "

Obviously there is every reason for holding the Louvain festival in honor, for seeking to derive help and energy from its example. All this, however, has been set forth so well in the words of M. Bédier that they, too, deserve remembrance.

For a Mother

God's own voice, at noon of night,
Whispered her, and lo, 'twas light!

While our weeping eyes, a space,
Watched heaven's sun rise on her face.

Now about the courts she stands
Of the house not built with hands,

And the splendor from the Throne
Steeps the lips our lips had known.

For her robe the cherished dress
Of baptismal stainlessness,

Folded 'gainst the Sabbath's wear
In the spice of faith and prayer.

Pass, grey head the tomb hath hid,
Unto Him, nor be forbid!

In the kingdom that none sees
Till he grow as one of these,

Gentle Saviour, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

COMMUNICATIONS

ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Murphy's article On Keeping Our Heroes Orthodox, published in your issue of July 6, emphasizes the well-known facts that society is constantly progressing and that the great leaders of the past cannot be taken out of the setting in which they lived and judged according to present conditions. The writer forgets that none of these heroes can be retried without his presence in court, to be confronted with his accusers. To suppose that Thomas Jefferson would advocate the same things in 1927 that he advocated in the closing years of the eighteenth, and the opening years of the nineteenth, centuries, is to assume that he would have stood still for more than 100 years, while the scenes in which he lived had been in a state of flux.

When, in 1793, Jefferson advocated unlimited immigration, the greater part of our territory consisted of immense tracts of fertile and unoccupied lands, with no one to cultivate them. Had he, in 1900, witnessed the settlement of all those lands and the hordes of foreigners segregating themselves in the slums of our large cities, and noted the impossibility of their assimilation at the rate of their arrival, he would have had an entirely different set of data from those by which he was moved in 1793.

To say, in 1807, that the public was not then prepared for the innovation involved in the appointment of a woman to office, is very far from saying that it would not be prepared for such appointment after fifty years or more of co-education in our colleges, of which women have availed themselves to their marked advancement.

Jefferson wrote M. De Neuville in 1818 advocating a reduction of the duties on wine in the expectation that people would drink wine, and thus be saved from the "poison of whiskey," which he said was desolating the homes of our country. If he had lived until 1918 to note the great increase in the consumption of whiskey, in spite of the plenteous production of wine in our own country without duties, and to see how the tremendous quantities of whiskey being drunk were not only devastating the home but debauching the nation, who can say he would not have been a prohibitionist?

At any rate the Anti-saloon League should place a wreath upon his grave for having discovered as early as 1818 that whiskey was then poisonous, thus enabling it to meet one of the main arguments of the wets, based on the assertion that poison whiskey was caused by and followed the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The past is secure and cannot be revised to meet the changed conditions now existing.

FRANK HOPKINS.

A TRIANGULAR DUEL

Toronto, Ont.

TO the Editor:—Since writing my article entitled A Triangular Duel, I have read Mr. Belloc's article in Columbia from which it appears that Mr. Wells made it a condition that if his articles were published in The Universe they should not be altered even verbally by the editor. It is obvious that no self-respecting editor could accept such terms and hence the refusal which seemed difficult to explain. I should like readers of my article who may not have seen Columbia to be aware of the actual facts. Hence this letter.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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THE APPEAL OF THE CHURCH OF ROME

Corfu, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Dr. Fenn's article, the Appeal of the Church of Rome, is very interesting. The reverend writer's sympathy for the Church is pleasing, certainly, to Catholics. We would rather live with people who show us a decent respect than with those who imagine all sorts of wickedness to lurk in our midst. Yet the article exemplifies the Protestant mind to a nicety. It picks and chooses, revels in an eclecticism that mystifies a Catholic. So many moderns seem to look about and pick the choice flowers from all sorts of gardens and then imagine they have just the bloom Our Lord planted. A Catholic accepts the Faith and all its ramifications, not necessarily because he likes it (in many cases he doesn't) but because it is true, because Our Lord commanded it. It is an irksome thing to confess our sins as we do, but no Catholic would thus humiliate himself unless he were convinced that Jesus Christ instituted the Sacrament of Penance for that very purpose. Often one hears in certain quarters reasons for accepting and making use of the "Roman confessional." Most of the reasons are not to the point. They are after-thoughts.

The Church is medieval but even Dr. Fenn enjoys some of her medieval practices. Unbiased scholarship and the truly critical judgment of experts would hardly speak of "Petrine figments." The desire for temporal power is mild in the Catholic Church when compared with that desire which animates groups of our fellow non-Catholic countrymen!

I have found that after all the only honest and logical interpretations of Scripture are those of Catholic scholars. Recently in a long and friendly conversation with a professor in a non-Catholic institution, I was startled to hear him say, after we had discussed the miracle of Cana, that perhaps after all, Our Lord intentionaly misled the guests into believing He had given them wine. They had well drunk and thought the water He commanded to be put into the jars was wine, when in reality it was not! An example of logic, honesty and reverence for Holy Writ!

REV. HENRY B. SHAW.

THE LEISURED LABORER

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—We have had brought to our attention a book written by Dr. George Barton Cutten, president of Colgate University, with a catchy title: The Threat of Leisure. We needed attention-callers to this book because we never dreamed it had anything to do with the folks who worry about rents, food costs and the importance of maintaining their position in life at least one yard ahead of the sheriff. Yet, in reading the 150 pages we find that the author is worried about the leisure that has come to the industrial worker since he has received high wages and the shorter working day. There is a lot of unconscious humor in the book for anyone familiar with American industry, as is, and the ideal working conditions, as portrayed by such press agents as Ivy Lee, "Public Relations Professor."

The theme of the book calls for the necessity of educating the masses to the proper use of the leisure time that has come with the machine age. Possibly it was published for the use of academic people, to draw their attention to the wonderful developments that are taking place in the machine factory, and to warn them to lay their plans accordingly. What interested us most in the reading of Dr. Cutten's book was the total absence of faith that the masses were able to do anything for themselves. To read the book one would never know it was the efforts of the working people themselves that destroyed the evils that were ushered in with factory operation.

There is considerable irony in regulating the leisure of workers who are still part of a system that makes them bear mismanagement and unemployment. In the particular machine industries that Dr. Cutten says have the eight-hour day in operation, the workers have no voice, and wherever workers are denied a voice in industry, the most important education in their leisure time should be regaining their citizenship as free men. We are often mystified by the indifference of people who have leisure for study and education, to the spiritual urge that is always manifest in the masses. Had there been a little more Christianity in the development of the present machine age, there would be no need to worry about the leisure of the workers. The insecurity of the worker in industry as presently conducted, with its possibilities of unemployment, is the kind of leisure that carries a threat.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

AN ANGLICAN VIEW

Montreal, P. Q.

TO the Editor—I am impressed with your eminently broad-minded policy and your fairness to creeds differing from the Roman. I am what is called an Anglo-Catholic, and have an idea that it won't be so long before the Anglican and Roman Churches merge, a day devoutly to be prayed for. We both hold the three creeds and other fundamentals, and the result of the Malines Conversations was very encouraging. Catholicism is the one and only bulwark against Bolshevism and other kindred isms. Protestantism is a waning religion, and as the late Father Vaughan said, "A religion without the Mass is like a nut without a kernel."

The Episcopal Church prides herself on her latitude as regards views, but what church can stand while she retains such men as Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, England, who talks of the "magic" of the Mass, and Dr. Guthrie of Saint Mark's, New York, who says the New Testament was written by "chumps"? And that is only to mention two within the fold who hold heretical opinions, and spread them.

Protestants are amazingly ignorant of Catholic practice. Why they fight shy of the crucifix and the veneration of the Blessed Virgin I cannot understand. In this town the subjects taken for Sunday sermons by Protestant ministers are astonishing, and include Aimee McPherson, and "Should a Catholic marry a Protestant?" God is working his purpose out in His own way, and one can only pray for the hastening of the day when there will be "one fold and one Shepherd."

D. P. T.

THE MISBEHAVIORISTS

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—The article in your issue of June 15 by Harvey Wickham, The Misbehaviorists, is corking. It is witty and has a delightfully light and humorous touch. At the same time it is penetrating. It is the best popular article on this creed I have yet seen.

I not only have to read their books, which is vanity and vexation of spirit enough, but I have to try to set students right after large doses of this so-called "psychology."

You are publishing the best weekly in the country. I'm not a Catholic, but I enjoy it more than any other.

JOSEPH A. LEIGHTON,
Head of Department of Philosophy, Ohio State University.

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POEMS

Mood

I am weary of the world's ways
And weary of my own.
I will go and seek the valleys
Where time is overthrown.
I will scale the windy passes
And lie down among the grasses
And forget the lads and lasses
Who will know what I have known.

To the silver pipes of morning
I shall dance upon a hill.
In the hush of starry midnights
I shall listen and lie still.
From the forest I shall borrow
Scorn of yesterday and morrow,
Scorn of ecstasy and sorrow,
Scorn of wisdom and of will.

For the murmur of green branches
Is a music known of old.
Like hands they will caress me,
Like wings they will enfold,
While the years flow by and leave me
And the days forget to grieve me
And the nights no more bereave me
Until all the tale is told.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Girl Child

Perhaps I wish she had
A little less
Of that which makes you glad—
Her loveliness.

A garden mourns with snow,
Fruit brings sere leaf,
The greater joy must know
The greater grief.

Thus, it is written of
Her coming fate—
The lovely win man's love
And keep man's hate.

JOHN HANLON.

The Return

What's come about since I have been away?
My silken, snowy kine
Are cattle now; that bay of billowy gold,
A patch of wheat—though mine.

My fields were flush, and greener, larger far.
That hedge ran straight.
There was no creak of tired futility
In this my gate.

Someone must answer for these injuries
He has done to me!
Since I went down to Kalo—where white sails
Go aching out to sea.

LOUIS F. DOYLE.

The Sand-Bar

Out on the sand-bar
Where sea-gulls hover,
Girded by ocean,
Blue sky for cover—

Patches of sea-weed
Dark on the beaches,
Green fringe of marsh-grass
Where the sea reaches—

Wind-swept and wave-swept,
Sands ever shifting—
Sails on the sky-line
Dreamily drifting—

Full tide and white surf
Heavily pounding,
Voice of the deep sea
Rhythmic'ly sounding—

Here in the warm air
Happy and care-free,
Far from the mad world
Linger and rest thee.

HARRIET W. PIERSON.

Sunset Pantomime

The west is smeared with crimson. Gates unclose,
The bronzed ramparts of a city rock to the swing
Of hammering hoofs of knights who ride with their king—
King Arthur of the Emerald—Launcelot of the Snows.
Sir Tristam, tall as a barley-sheaf, now goes
Against the field, while Mark, like a hawk a-wing,
Jousts hard with Merlin, Keeper of the Wizard's Ring,
Before Queen Guinevere, the haughty rose.

The tourney's done; down meads of orange brier
Rides Galahad, his stallion sheathed in blue,
Himself in gold—and as he canters through,
With cross at pennon-head, like lilied spire,
Ten thousand knights compose his retinue—
The rich crusade that fades in purple fire.

J. CORSON MILLER.

A Going

She was very sure of this:
The road she loved would never miss
Her footsteps utter going
And she knew her feet would tread
The way of it, if she were dead,
Without it even knowing.

She would have no sign to give
That it might know her fugitive
And final in her coming;
Beeches would not turn their look
Of shadows down the road she took
Beyond all jaunty humming.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

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BOOKS

George Eliot and Her Times, by Elizabeth S. Haldane. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

THE Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, who first introduced the great writers of Russia to his fellow-countrymen, once remarked that, great as Turgenev and Tolstoy were, he had no hesitation in ranking George Eliot higher than either of them. There are few critics in our generation who would agree with this verdict, yet no doubt Miss Haldane is right in thinking that in the future she will be admired far more than she has been in the immediate past.

As with all the other great Victorian figures, her solidity, strength and sincerity cannot but maintain for her the respect and interest of humanity in spite of all changing fashions, if only because she steered the middle course in her use of the "moral lesson," neither omitting it from her scheme of values, nor, on the other hand, like Charlotte Yonge and Harriet Martineau, being swamped by it. She always had in view, as her touchstone, the tragic ethics of the Greek drama. Steeped in philosophy, in Spinoza, Kant and Goethe, she instinctively sought to embody in each of her novels some major ethical situation, in each case working it out with the inexorability of the Greek tragedians. Her writing is heavy and prolix, conspicuously lacking in lightness, ease and grace, but it has, for all that, a granitic quality. It is based in every case save that of Romola upon direct experience and grounded in the fundamental facts of human nature and destiny.

Miss Haldane's endeavor has been to write her author's life in the light of the circumstances that surrounded her and the movements of thought of her time. She makes no attempt to relate the story circumstantially, dwelling only on essential points and interweaving her literary discussion in the texture of her biographical material. George Eliot was a curious compound of the conventional and the unconventional. A philosophical rebel against Victorian standards, she was at the same time instinctively a conformist. She took the greatest step a Victorian woman could have taken in defiance of those standards, yet only to surround herself with a domesticity as dense in its atmosphere as that of most orthodox households, and in her treatment of social, political and other public questions she always maintained the conservative position of the average middle-class Englishman of her day. Rather it might be said that she was not really interested in any of these matters. She subscribed to the outward conventions of society, she was not so much unconcerned with, as inexperienced in the social movements of her time—as witness the mild optimism of Felix Holt, which purports to reflect the terrible realities of the "hungry forties," the epoch of the Reform Bill. She concentrated upon the essential tragic situations and problems of human conduct, which she understood by divination and presented in settings that were familiar from her childhood in the midlands; and these she stated with a stark realism and a profound feeling, in Adam Bede, in The Mill on the Floss, in Middlemarch, that were worthy of Ibsen and quite beyond the range of any other English novelist of her time.

Certainly no other nineteenth century English novelist had anything like her equipment in the culture of books, power of abstract thought, philosophical grasp; and no other save Dickens compared with her in emotional power. She was a ruminative soul who found, as Miss Haldane says, moral emotions where a writer of our day would have found only psychological problems. The child of mid-country yeoman stock, she early found her way into the leading movements of thought of the time, the great Goethean stream especially, and turned to fiction late in life and only after voluminous reading and much writing and translating in other fields: indeed she had been brought up in a strict evangelicism that regarded fiction as a creature of the devil and she had to wrestle herself into the belief that it could be justifiable. It was Pascal who first emancipated her mind, but she soon proceeded to the translation of Strauss's Life of Jesus—her whole period of self-education reminds one of the New England movement of the same period—and found herself, in her late twenties, drawn into the brilliant circle in London that gathered about John Chapman, who was editing the Westminster Review.

She was soon on intimate terms with such men as Herbert Spencer, James Anthony Froude, Mark Pattison (whom she drew in Edward Casaubon), John Stuart Mill, Carlyle and Grote—a world palpitating with the revolutionary ideas of 1848; and, dependent as she was throughout life upon some one individual who should be all in all to her, she soon formed that alliance with George Henry Lewes that was to last for more than a quarter of a century. "Morbidly intellectual," as Spencer described her, but equally passionate, she found in the somewhat mercurial Lewes—"a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance," as she described him at first—the support and the stimulus that she required. It was Lewes who really set her on the path of fiction at a time when she had written only a few tentative sketches and was incredulous of her ability to attempt anything more ambitious, and throughout their common life, as Miss Haldane says, "he supplied just what she needed. She was deficient in vitality and he gave it; she was deficient in courage to do the tasks of everyday life, and he did them for her. He was a devoted and admiring servitor who must have given up much for her sake, and suffered many interruptions in his work. 'She' was a sort of divinity to him."

Their characters and modes of life were strikingly complementary. His philosophical interests were strong enough to keep hers in exercise; his social gifts drew her out. His work constantly led him into scenes, such as Weimar, that gave her just the incentive she needed, and his varied interests, so varied that he was like one of the French Encyclopaedists on a smaller scale, kept her from falling too deeply into the rut of introspection that was her constant menace.

But her real motives came wholly from herself, and chief among these was what Miss Haldane calls her "deep sense of the responsibility which lay upon her to teach as well as to entertain, to interpret the true meaning of human life in all its aspects as well as to depict its external developments." This was illustrated in all her novels, from the story of Arthur Donnithorne and Hetty in Adam Bede to that of Daniel Deronda, the new redeemer, as he hoped to be, of the Chosen Race. Save in the Jewish portions of this last novel and in Romola, the mise-en-scène and the characters all belong to that world with which their creator had been, as a land steward's daughter, brought closely into touch; but in every case the theme is a moral drama—usually a story, as inexorable as one of Hawthorne's, of sin and its consequences. Indeed, Hawthorne and George Eliot have much in common. Silas Marner is peculiarly a Hawthornesque idyll on a large scale, and the longer novels, denser than Hawthorne's but lacking the latter's delicacy and purity of outline, have two prime elements in common with his, the home-spun middle-class atmosphere of provincial Anglo-Saxondom and that note of fate which in both cases carries one back to the drama of the Periclean age.

Miss Haldane does not attempt any systematic criticism of

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the novels, as she does not attempt to give us in detail the life of their creator. But she does succeed in giving us the salient points in both cases, and she is particularly successful in showing George Eliot in the setting of her times. There were strange paradoxes in her nature, such as her extreme dependence upon one who was intellectually so much her inferior; or again, that strangely conventional feminine preoccupation with the details of domestic life in one whose general outlook was so austerely tragic; or again, as Miss Haldane notes the fact that, wonderfuly as she wrote when projecting herself in her characters, she failed completely when she wrote in her own person, in her essays and letters. She seems now perhaps more typical of her time than any other English novelist, as embodying the great current of thought that had its source in Goethe, together with the streams of positivism and the scientific spirit. Her great effort was the great effort of her generation, that of the reconciliation of religion and science; and, as Miss Haldane says, "the way in which she traces how men's actions are bound up with the happenings of their forefathers and race is associated with those laws of evolution and heredity that were coming to be so seriously taken into account."

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Carmel, Its History, Spirit and Saints, compiled by the Discalced Carmelites. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $3.00.

THE Hebrew significance of the word Carmel is "a garden, a beautiful cultivated ground," and Otto Van Richter tells us "there is no mountain in or around Palestine that retains its beauty as Carmel does." Alexander Pope sings: "Carmel! thy flowery top perfumes the skies."

The grotto and oratory of the prophet Elias has been always held in the highest veneration by the Arabs, Turks and Druses, as well as being regarded by Christians as the foundation place of the Carmelite order, whose chapel to Our Lady of Mount Carmel dates back to the year A.D. 83. In 1909 there were only sparse ruins of the great monastery and the enclosure that were completed in the thirteenth century. It is an ancient story, accredited by saints, Popes and Catholic scholars down the long and troubled ages that have intervened. The men of this prophetic order were among the earliest Christian missionaries throughout Palestine, Samaria, and Galilee, and the Acts of the Apostles speaks of their coming from Jerusalem to Antioch. Their devotion to chastity has won for these primitive monks the title of the Order of Mary. Through the Greek and Latin era the Palestine founders encountered the wars and disorders that harassed the eastern world until the Saracen successes made it expedient that the nationals from different parts of Europe should retire into their own countries and develop their institutions there. In England, under John Lackland, the Carmelites made their first foundation in 1212, at monasteries in Holm, Northumberland and Aylesford, Kent, where Saint Simon Stock became prior-general. To him is attributed the institution of Carmel for women in the convent of Mount Carmel at Louvain, and in 1272 two convents of the order were inclosed in Ireland in County Carlow and at Kildare.

The story of the restorer of the primitive rule, Saint Teresa de Jesus of Avila, and of Saint John of the Cross, is well known in history and literature; in the foundations in France and the Low Countries by the Venerable Ana de Jesus, the companion of Saint Teresa, we find the direct line of tradition for the modern English and American communities. A great development of the Carmelite spirit has been consequent on these beginnings. In England, Lady Mary Lovel founded a house of five nuns in 1619, which has spread rapidly since the days of the Reformation.

In America the first Carmelite foundation was due to Father Charles Neale, S.J., a brother of Father Leonard Neale, S.J., the president of Georgetown College in 1799, and second archbishop of Baltimore. A little community of four nuns and two priests arrived in New York on July 2, 1790. They took up their residence in Charles County, Maryland, and in 1831 they removed to Baltimore. From the Baltimore convent came five nuns for the foundation of the Carmelite house in Boston on August 27, 1890; from Boston in turn went five nuns for the foundation in Philadelphia on July 25, 1902; from Baltimore came six nuns for the foundation in Brooklyn, October 15, 1907; and to Seattle, July 8, 1908, four nuns for the first foundation on the Pacific coast; from Boston came five nuns for the foundation of the great convent in San Francisco on October 4, 1908. Other institutes were established in Davenport, Iowa; Alhambra, California; Wheeling, West Virginia; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Buffalo and New York City; Cleveland, Ohio; Carmel-by-the-Sea, and San Diego, California; Altoona, Pennsylvania; and Morristown, New Jersey.

The devotions attached to Carmel are also tabulated in this new volume; the holy scapular with its various arch-confraternities; there is also a listing of the numerous saints and holy men and women of unusual sanctity and an enumeration of the number of venerables whose causes are now in process for canonization in Rome.

Carmel, Its History, Spirit and Saints is a volume of deep interest to all who would study the traditions, achievements and the heroic spirit of devotion of these followers of Elias throughout every country in the world.

THOMAS WALSH.

Builders of the Republic, by Frederic Austin Ogg. New York: Yale University Press.

The American Spirit in Art, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., and Others. New York: Yale University Press.

SOME time ago I reviewed in this place several earlier volumes of The Pageant of America, the series of volumes in which Yale University is attempting to present the story of what has happened in this country. The opportunity is now given to look a little farther into the venture. Dr. Ogg's narrative of the revolutionary and formative periods is concerned almost exclusively with political events. He gives a succinct outline of colonial relations, analyzes competently that public opinion in England and the Colonies which produced the movement towards independence, focuses attention on the significant personalities of Franklin and Washington, and then chronicles politics to the day when Fort Sumpter fell. The titles of the later chapters reveal how much enticing human material is dealt with—The Virginia Dynasty, Jacksonian Democracy, The Roaring Forties, A House Divided Against Itself. Consideration of debatable details was, of course, inevitable.

That Dr. Ogg has managed nicely will be apparent to all who see how judicially he treats of Washington, the figure upon whom a great deal of biographical tactlessness has recently been concentrated. One merely wishes that the writing itself had been a little less slovenly. Most readers may not mind

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the ill treatment to which connective adverbs and similar things are subjected, but I can't help wishing they would. By comparison the details of the really marvelous illustrative material are excellently managed. What a wealth of pictures is here! The display of facsimiles alone is enough to make one stay up all night with the book, deriving from such companionship a knowledge of the real stuff of the American story to an extent which almost every previous work of the same character has merely suggested. One cannot praise this aspect of The Pageant of America too highly. It will do good and it is delightful. I must add that Professor Gabriel contributes an introduction to the volume—a bit of philosophical writing which, though one might differ with it, is almost a good reason for buying the book, were there nothing else.

One may be legitimately disappointed with the material correlated in The American Spirit in Art, but the book itself is a surprisingly adequate popular exposition of the subject. The chronicling of our work in the arts involves a great amount of what is known as "distinguishing." Real merit must be recognized, but limitations revealed by comparison with the general history of art must also be noted succinctly. The present book succeeds very well. Professor Morey's section on sculpture is particularly distinguished. Indeed, it constitutes a monograph which the serious student of the subject can read with profit, but which is sufficiently lucid to be understood by the general reader. Mr. Mather deals with painting and the graphic arts, isolating the chief figures with great tact and sureness. His comment on Albert Pinkham Ryder is, in its way, masterly, and his story of the graphic arts is almost a revelation. It is true that black and white reproductions of great paintings are not wholly satisfying, but the prodigality of illustrations in this volume compensates through its universality for the inevitable loss of quality. The amateur could wish for no better guide, and the connoisseur would look in vain for a more adequate compendium. Success to the Pageant of America! It makes the good old story as bright as if it were new.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Marionette, by Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $1.75.

THE Marionette, critic Edwin Muir's first essay into fiction, dissects the mind of an idiot boy, Hans, with somewhat confusing result. Hans has lived apart from the world, guarded by his nurse and his father, since childhood. Living, moving, crawling things have always frightened him and dolls, whom he can command and control, have become his real world. Finally, in his late teens his father arranges marionette shows for him, with the result that puppets take on for him the significance of people; his actual and dream life is with them and for them. One particular puppet, Gretchen of the Faust story, becomes his dream-lover, and, that he may better be her Faust, he is given a costume matching the puppet Faust's. Disillusionments follow, and despite his father's efforts to preserve a make-believe reality in which the boy can be happy, it finally penetrates Hans's mind that people, and not puppets, are real. He accepts the result stoically and the story is over.

Almost every comment on the book except praise of Mr. Muir's laconic, pure style, calls forth a reservation. It is not an easy story to make up one's mind about. In the first place, the subtlety of Mr. Muir's terse treatment as well as the gradual development of Hans's peculiar inner consciousness, lead one to hope—almost expect—that Hans will be suddenly released from imbecility, or perhaps be revealed as more sane than

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the sane. Instead, after the marionette débâcle he lapses quite naturally into his earlier, more definite idiocy. One is disappointed though intellectually convinced. In the second place, the author successfully imposes Hans's perspective upon the reader, and even hints that for his father Hans's consciousness is often more real than his own. This subjection of the normal mind to the abnormal, both in the case of Hans's father and in the case of the reader, promises some psychological dénouement which the author either did not intend or did not see fit to disclose, for it is unfulfilled.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Prohibition and Christianity, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR ERSKINE—or perhaps it is his publisher—is very adroit at finding titles for his books. Adroit also—judging from this one—at padding them. The first fifty pages of Prohibition and Christianity deal with the question; the next ninety are taken up with several admirable essays on American character and the contrast between it and French ideals. The remaining hundred and sixty pages are devoted to papers on miscellaneous subjects, papers which are gracefully written but are hardly worth reprinting.

Yet we may be grateful that Dr. Erskine argues justly that in "this country, at least in the Protestant churches, traditional Christianity has come to an end. Something else is in its place—a philosophy which can insist on the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and at the same time on the enforcement of laws which contradict that interpretation."

The question here is not whether prohibition is a good thing or a bad, but whether it is consistent with any form of Christian belief. If Our Lord used wine in instituting the Eucharist, if He used it also habitually in social intercourse, obviously a Christian cannot say that wine-drinking is an evil. Otherwise he would have to accuse Christ of having a moral sensitiveness inferior to his own, or claim for himself a wisdom far superior to that of his Master. As those who make prohibition a religion dare not say either of these things, they deny the wine. It was grape-juice that Our Lord consumed. The prohibitionists have even got out an edition of the Bible where "clusters of grapes" is substituted for "wine"—except, of course, where wine is mentioned in connection with the condemnation of drunkenness.

They are easily and completely confuted by the account given of the proto-miracle of Cana, though Dr. Erskine fails to draw out the full force of that story. We find in the second chapter of Saint John's gospel that, after the wedding guests had "well drunk," Our Lord, at the request of His Mother, turned water into wine. He had ordered the servants to fill six stone water-pots "to the brim," water-pots which held, it is specifically stated, "two or three firkins apiece." A firkin is about nine gallons. Immediately we have the surprised comment of the "master of the feast." He, unaware of the origin of the wine, said to the bridegroom, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

If I call the attention of my readers to the fact that it was at this stage of the proceedings—after the original supply of wine had been exhausted—that Our Lord furnished a new supply of fifteen firkins, I hope I shall not be accused of making the suggestion that a wedding feast in first century Palestine was exactly like some of the corresponding gatherings in twentieth century America. It is well to remember that then, as in most countries today, drunkenness could be avoided while innocent conviviality was achieved.

But to return to Cana: all that an advocate of Volsteadism can do with this story is to say that the miracle never took place at all—that is, he either has to accept the miracle, and the fact that Our Lord encouraged convivial as well as sacramental drinking, or to reject the Christian Scriptures because they happen flatly to contradict prohibition. This argument may seem brutally blunt; but that cannot be helped: it is absolutely inescapable. Dr. Erskine makes a subtler, but a no less true point: "The viciousness of prohibition lies precisely in its resemblance to drunkenness, in that it takes away the sovereignty of the mind and deprives character of moral responsibility." That argument applies even to such prohibitionists as are not Christians.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Saint Francis of Assisi, Essays in Commemoration. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

IN THIS American edition Walter Seton, secretary of the British Society of Franciscan Studies, presents a series of essays on the saint of Assissi, prefaced by Paul Sabatier. The titles of the studies range through Franciscan letters, with chapters on Italian Art, by Tancred Borenius; Saint Francis and Dante, by Edmund Gardner, the Dilemma of St. Francis, and the Two Traditions, by Harold E. Goad, Franciscan Thought and Modern Philosophy by Camillo Pelizzi, and Two Franciscan Mystics, Jacopone da Todi and Angela de Foligno, by Evelyn Underhill.

We have here a summary of the Franciscan interests of some leading non-Catholic scholars. The chapters on Franciscan art belong primarily to the stories of painting and sculpture, and Professor Gardiner's work is well enough known in the annals of early literatures. Mr. Goad's recent book on the Franciscan country and primitive monasteries prepares us for his chapter on the early differences within the ranks of the friars. Dr. Pellizzi gives a very timely and sympathetic discussion of scholasticism. Evelyn Underhill has also prepared us for her chapters on Fra Jacopone by her excellent biography of him, published a few years ago.

There is therefore a somewhat reminiscent spirit to the present volume, a reassertion of interest and apparently a determination to put a world claim upon the founder of the Franciscan order, to canonize, in a way, a Protestant saint, for the use of the unconverted as well as the faithful. The sense of a superior luxury hangs over the collection, just as it does over all the beautiful books on the poor man of Assissi. They suggest the study, from soft cushions, of the heroic austerities of the primitive saints. Age has removed the vulgar contacts, the hard scratches that kindled the spark of these ancient lights; one feels no practical lesson protruding through this rich panoply of art, poetry and enthusiasm: it is the vesture and rarely the Sacrament that receives the glow of these devotions.

The spirit of Saint Francis and his brethren is not dead in his Church: the actual virtues he proclaimed are practised by his faithful followers of today, who do not live in the soft lights, the tempered winds, of these Franciscan circles. To live with Saint Francis is not merely to dream about him. One wonders how far his actual philosophy would go with the gentle tourists through Umbria, the soft-spoken, soft-treading cenacles of London and New York, the pre-Raphaelite brethren who seek refuge in the side-chapels of thought, deaf to the voices of the high altars and to the real and fundamental music of his austerities.

RODERICK GILL.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. Lamb.

"Not that I wish to disturb the quiet for which this corner is distinguished, my dear Hereticus," remarked Doctor Angelicus, gathering up his newspaper clippings, "but don't you think we should give some commendation to the modern mother-in-law, that is, in particular reference to the notable performances at a recent wedding in French Canada, where the matriarch-in-law assailed a large body of the film industry with the wedding china? It seems that just as the little abbé of the parish was performing his rites, a loud clicking from more or less concealed cameras broke across the woodlands, and the demure French-Canadian guests were suddenly regaled by a spectacle which had all the brilliancy of an old-time carnival. The tempestuous mother-in-law sprang forth in the gypsy costume which she had selected as most appropriate for the event, and seizing the large collection of china platters prepared for the guests, hurled them one by one at the Hollywood and Broadway photographers, with a precision that has won the highest encomiums for her dexterity and marksmanship. The bravery of the film-makers withstood the gatling discharges for a moment or two, but amid the disheveled mass of china, they beat a hasty retreat leaving the Highland band at peace to perform its concert and dance program.

"It is almost too much to expect of the average mother-in-law such a sureness of execution, such brio and pioneer agility as must have marked this scene of 'embattled farmers'; but could not something be done for our fashionable matrons taking on the modern sons-in-law, to prepare them for such eventualities during the highly advertised functions? I should suggest weekly visits to Coney Island where the shooting galleries and the booths where one tries to hit old Aunt Dinah on the head with baseballs might lessen the insecurity which is popularly supposed to accompany the feminine missile. Hit or miss, the most delicate of mothers-in-law might be developed into not altogether unavailing heads of families. What do you think?"

"You speak of ball tossing, Doctor; why not include a course of lessons in batting, running and pitching under our Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth? Our summer schools might broaden their curriculums with these specialties."

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"There have been remarks about snoring in this Library, slightly ironical, but none the less inwardly meditated, that have given me some cause for consideration." Doctor Angelicus took off his goggles as he went on: "I find that Dr. William Brady has given some study to this interesting family trait and lays down a distinction that may enlighten the minds of some of my critics in this particular.

"It seems there are three degrees in snoring. 'First degree snoring,' says Dr. Brady, 'is just an exaggeration of the normal nasal murmur. If you are inquisitive about it, try listening to your own breathing when you are composing yourself for sleep. Second degree snoring is that maddening gurgle or rattle emitted with each inspiration when the soft palate is utterly relaxed and flaps in the wind. Everyone knows how the skin of a sleeping person becomes warm and flushed with blood. This same moment congestion occurs in the lining of the nasal passages. When it is exaggerated, or when there is already some diseased condition present, the engorgement renders nasal breathing inadequate and so the sleeper supplements his air supply by resorting to mouth breathing. With some air entering through the nasal channel and some entering through the oral channel, the soft palate or its rear free edge tends to

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vibrate between the two currents of air. Close both nostrils completely and you stop the snoring for the time being. The third degree of snoring is stertor, and while it may occur for brief moments in fairly well folk, it generally spells grave illness, such as apoplexy, uremia, diabetic coma, fractured skull, alcoholic coma, or sunstroke . . .'

"I have known of snoring that proved highly inconvenient in social life, that provoked monstrous quarrels in sleeping cars and steamboat cabins. I have also known of a prospective love affair broken by the snores of a big brother who shook the rafters of the bungalow with such sonorous percussions that the likely suitor has fled from the scene of family secrets and night-terrors. Some of the most delicate and aesthetical of my friends can out-snore my stoutest and most plethoric compeers. There is no security against it, nevertheless, many a social cut can be directly traced to its exhibition. O tempora, O mores!"

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"The fraternal spirit claims us all during this warm weather," declared Doctor Angelicus, ruminatively. "Whether this be due or not to the promiscuous life on the doorway steps and fire-escapes or the informalities of our bathing beaches, I cannot say. Nevertheless, I am somewhat touched by the recent announcement in the press of the organization of the Irish-Jews of America, a fraternal order founded in Brooklyn, Mr. Jack S. Levine as chairman, with the avowed purpose of erecting an Irish Orthodox Synagogue. A large contribution is awaited from Miss Anne Nichols, the successful author of that popular classic, Abie's Irish Rose.

"This new addition to our various patriotic organizations of the Londonderry Boys and the Cork Ladies will add to the Saturday night festivities in some of our dance-halls in New York, as well as Brooklyn, and it is well to warn intending candidates for the fraternal order that it will be necessary to prove birth in Ireland or a ten years residence in that country. This will in a way elucidate the inquiry sent to us by a lady with strongly Celtic patronymic, asking us if her ten years residence in the borough of the Bronx will grant her the privilege of membership in the Irish-Jews of America. There are questions of policy, religious and racial, here involved, which makes us hesitate to answer definitely before reading the new constitution of the order. Of course, we shall welcome anything that makes for the peace and homogeneity of our fellow citizens."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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